That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe and happie victorie,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoast of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyrannie,
O in the battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse,
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloudie deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not dismaid,
God and good angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fals in height of all his pride.

Richard starteth vp out of a dreame.

K. Ri. Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds,
Haue mercie Iesu: soft, I did but dreame.
O Coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here? no. Yes I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason: why?
Least I reuenge. What my selfe vpon my selfe?
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That I my selfe haue done vnto my selfe?
O no, alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yet I lie, I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well, foole do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euerie tongue brings in a seuerall tale,
And euery tale condemns me for a villaine:

Periurie

Periurie, periurie, in the highes
Murther, sterne murther, in the
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in ea
Throng to the barre, crying all
I shall dispaire, there is no crea
And if I die, no soule will pittie
And wherefore should they, sin
Finde in my selfe, no pittie to
Me thought the soules of all th
Came to my Tent, and euery
To morrows vengeance on th

Enter Ratcli

Rat. My Lord.
Ki. Zoundes, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis
Hath twise done salutation to
Your friends are vp, and buckl
King. O Rateliffe, I haue dr
What thinkst thou, will our fri
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be
King. By the Apostle Paul,
Haue strooke more terror to th
Then can the substance of ten
Armed in proofe, and led by
Tis not yet neare day, come, g
Vnder our Tents Ile play the
To see if any meane to shrink

Enter the Lords

Lor. Good morrow Richm
Rich. Crie mercie Lords, an
That you haue tane a tardie slu
Lor. How haue you slept n
Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
That euer entred in a drowsie
Haue I since your departure h

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